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## The Mercury

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Established June, 1762, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large newspaper, nearly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching as many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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## Local Matters

### PRISONER TRIES TO ESCAPE

There was much excitement in the neighborhood of the Court House on Tuesday, following the sensational break for liberty on the part of a young man who had just been sentenced to a term in the jail. Court Officer Robert Hudson was in charge of John J. Morin of Tiverton in the upper part of the Court House, when the prisoner made a sudden dash down the long flight of stairs. Hudson followed after, but tripped on the stairs and fell. Regaining his feet, he dashed after his man, who had then gained the open air, and fired one shot from his revolver, which went wide.

Instantly the pursuit began on the part of the officers and attaches who were in the building. Chief Tobin, Deputy Sheriff King, Judge Levy and others joined in the rush and a detail of men was sent from the Police Station. The quarry was routed out from the cellar of the new building of Carlo Fiero at Spring and Touro streets, but again got away, being captured in another cellar a short time later by Deputy Sheriff King. He was then taken to the Newport County Jail for safekeeping.

Morin is only a young man, but is said to have considerable record in different places. He was arrested by the Newport police on a charge of breaking into a tailor shop and larceny of clothing, and it was for this offence that he had just been sentenced to 15 months in jail by Judge Baker. It is possible that he may be brought before the Court again because of his attempt to escape from custody.

### FIRE DAMAGES HOUSE

A house on Pell street occupied by Commander J. G. Church of the War College was badly damaged by fire early Tuesday morning. It was about three o'clock that the fire was discovered and by that time the flames had made much headway, so that the occupants were obliged to hurry to the street. The fire alarm box near by was pulled and when the firemen arrived they found smoke and flames pouring from the building. A large amount of water was necessary to quench the flames and many hose lines were used for more than half an hour.

The fire apparently started from a barrel of rubbish in the cellar, probably due to spontaneous combustion. It worked up the outside of the house and had not the smoke caused the awakening of a maid who slept on the top floor, the result to the occupants might have been much more serious.

The house is one of several built only a few years ago by Mr. James P. Cozzens on the old Mallory estate. It was a two-family house, one apartment being vacant. Most of the damage was confined to the side occupied by Commander Church. The loss will be large and is only partially covered by insurance.

Mr. Victor Baxter has gone to Worcester, Mass., where he has accepted an appointment on the staff of the Worcester Telegram.

Mr. Edmund White quietly observed the eighty-ninth anniversary of his birth at his home on Briley street on Tuesday.

Mr. Charles T. Martin has sufficiently recovered from an operation at the Newport Hospital to be able to return to his home.

### BOYLE AGAIN MAYOR

Only Two Changes Made in Board of Aldermen—Rather Small Vote Cast in City Election.

Patrick J. Boyle will be installed as Mayor of Newport for the seventeenth time on the first Monday in January, having defeated his two opponents, Mayor Jeremiah P. Mahoney and Representative Herbert W. Smith, at the City election last Tuesday. The voting came at the conclusion of a brief but very lively campaign, during which all of the candidates for Mayor and several candidates for other offices took the stump and discussed the issues before the people in a very open manner. In spite of the interest manifested during the few days previous to the election, the total vote was very considerably smaller than that cast at the State election a month previous. Some of this falling off was perhaps due to the disagreeable weather, which doubtless served to keep many from the polls.

Besides the interest in the Mayorality contest, considerable activity was shown by the candidates for the Board of Aldermen. In every ward there were at least three candidates and in the first and fourth there were four. Aldermen Hanley, Hughes and Martin were re-elected by substantial pluralities, but former Alderman Joseph J. Kirby defeated Alderman Thompson in the second ward by about 200 votes, and John T. Allan defeated Alderman William Williams in the fourth by 1480 votes.

For School Committee, on the face of the wardens' returns, Mrs. Alice Currier has defeated Edward J. Corcoran by ten votes, but this result is so close that the official count may make a change, either increasing her plurality or wiping it out. Messrs. Baker, Bacheller and Clarke were re-elected by substantial pluralities.

The permanent firemen and their friends had made a consistent effort to secure the approval of the proposition for a two-platoon system for the department, but this was defeated by an even larger plurality than when it came before the people previously. There were 1678 votes cast for the proposition and 2825 votes against it.

There are, of course, some changes in the representative council, but few of the more active members have been displaced and the general complexion of the council will not be changed.

During the day there was considerable activity about the polling places, many of the candidates being represented by workers. The vote came out slowly, however, even though there was an appearance of congestion at times, due to the fact that it takes considerable time to mark a ballot accurately at a city election. It took the wardens a considerable time to count the ballots, and it was after one o'clock Wednesday morning before the last district had completed its figures. Long before that time, the election of Mayor Boyle was conceded, and his adherents quickly staged a parade in his honor. Headed by the Municipal Band the line moved through various streets and the celebration continued until a late hour.

The board of canvassers and registration are now working on the recount of the ballots, first counting the votes cast for Mayor. The greatest accuracy will be necessary in the vote for School Committee, where a slight error may have important results in the election. It is doubtful if the board will count all the ballots cast for representative council, possibly accepting the wardens' count except where the result is close.

The final official figures for Mayor gave Boyle 3432, Smith 2293, Mahoney 2004, or a plurality of 1202 for Boyle.

The election figures, according to the wardens' count, are as follows:

### FOR MAYOR

Wards Boyle Mahoney Smith

1	355	234	222
2-1	256	342	577
2-2	432	234	335
3-1	501	216	233
3-2	179	181	222
4-1	684	229	167
4-2	237	183	117
5-1	452	129	109
5-2	471	206	88
	3451	1555	2257

Plurality for Boyle 1202.

### FOR ALDERMAN WARD ONE

Wards Albro Hanley Lawton Murphy

1	90	355	119	21
2-1	154	558	244	32
2-2	162	229	145	34
3-1	111	223	117	21
3-2	100	167	91	9
4-1	234	203	104	56
4-2	125	103	57	31
5-1	173	145	73	54
5-2	206	159	59	35
	1353	2658	1032	593

Plurality for Hanley 655.

### FOR ALDERMAN WARD TWO

Wards Hogan Kirby Thompson

1	75	223	25
2-1	99	274	593

NEWPORT, R. I., DECEMBER 9, 1922

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1762

JOHN J. PECKHAM

### JOHN J. PECKHAM

Mr. John J. Peckham, one of the best known of the citizens of Newport, died at his home on Sherman street on Tuesday, in the eighty-first year of his age. For several months he had been missed from his accustomed places of visitations, having been stricken by illness in the early summer. He had recovered somewhat and had been able to get out of doors occasionally. At the State election in November he was able to reach the polls and cast his vote, but his death came just a month later, on the date of the city election. Because of his long activity in political matters and his deep interest in Republican successes, the coincidence was striking.

Mr. Peckham was a son of Stanton and Sarah Allen Peckham, and was born in Newport on February 14, 1842. While he was still a boy his parents removed to Augusta, Ga., where they were engaged in the hotel business for a few years, later returning to Newport. After John J. Peckham had completed his education in the Newport schools, he went to Fall River, where he was employed for nearly a quarter of a century in various establishments, and attained a high reputation as an expert accountant. Returning to Newport, he was for a time employed as clerk in the old Atlantic House, and afterward entered the employ of the late Julius Sayer in the grocery business, where he remained for many years.

The greatest interest of Mr. Peckham's life was in political affairs. He was for many years closely associated with the late Harwood E. Read on the Republican City Committee, and his wide acquaintance with the voters of Newport made him a very valuable asset to the party on election day. In the early nineties he was at the height of his power in local politics, and was chosen to fill various offices of trust, serving as a member of the General Assembly, a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and being for several years chairman of the board of Tax Assessors of the City of Newport.

For a time he withdrew from active participation in business or politics, but in 1913, he again became prominent in political affairs, when Mr. James P. Cozzens gained his consent to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the representative council. He was easily successful, and later was elected to the board of aldermen, where he served one term. He then returned to the council where he served on important committees and took an active part in the deliberations of that body.

Mr. Peckham was one of the oldest members of the Order of Red Men in Newport, having served as Sachem of Weenat Shassett Tribe, and as Great Sachem of Rhode Island. He was long an active member of Malbone Lodge, New England Order of Protection, having been Warden of the lodge and Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island. He was an active participant in all the activities of both organizations.

He is survived by a widow and six daughters, a son having died a number of years ago. The daughters are Mrs. George N. Durfee, Miss Laura Neal Peckham, Miss Sarah Allan Peckham, Mrs. Samuel Kerchner, Miss Frances H. Peckham and Miss Ethel Peckham.

The third annual merchants' dinner under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce was held on Thursday evening with a good-sized attendance. An excellent dinner was served and music was furnished by the Port Adams orchestra. Mr. Vernon B. Kellett of St. George's School led the singing during the evening.

President Charles Timball presided, and the other speakers were Mr. Harry A. Titus, who told of the work that has been accomplished for industrial development; Mr. Arthur A. Shurtliff of Boston, who spoke on city planning; Rev. John Howard Deming, who called attention to many opportunities for the improvement of Newport; and Commander Joseph V. Daniels, U. S. N., who spoke of the wonderful naval opportunities of Narragansett Bay.

Next Monday evening the second dramatic reading of the season will be presented before the Unity Club, when Miss Almira Coffin will stage the amusing comedy, "Take it from me." A number of new readers, as well as several who are well known to the Club members, will appear in the cast.

A meeting of the full committee of 25 was called for Friday evening, when it was expected that several sub-committees would be ready to report.

Mr. William Legg has been under treatment at the Newport Hospital for some time.

### PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent.)

Annual Meeting of Aquidneck Chapter.

The annual convocation of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 9, R. A. M., was held recently at Eureka Hall. The officers were installed by Most Excellent James Rogers, Acting Grand King, assisted by Companion George Phillips, Acting Grand Captain of the Host. The officers elected and appointed are as follows:

High Priest—Benjamin B. Barker, Jr.

King—David P. Hedley.

Scribe—Jethro H. Peckham.

Secretary—Excellent Charles E. Thomas.

Treasurer—Henry C. Anthony.

Chaplain—Rev. Joseph B. Ackley.

Captain of the Host—Daniel O. Bowker.

Principal Sojourner—Ernest G. Cross.

Royal Arch Captain—Gordon McDonald.

Master 3rd Veil—Levi Ibbotson.

Master 2nd Veil—David N. Hanson.

Master 1st Veil—Robert Salter.

Sentinel—Charles G. Clarke.

Retiring High Priest, Excellent Companion Alfred C. Hall was presented with a Past High Priest's jewel, the presentation being made by Most Excellent Companion James Rogers.

Following the installation refreshments, consisting of chicken patties, mashed potato, rolls, cranberry sauce, coffee, apple pie, and ice cream, were served to the large number present.

Mr. Alfred Borden met with an accident recently while fishing for frost fish. He slipped on a stone and fell, hurting his side, and is confined to his home.

Mr. Edward Pacheco of Providence College has been spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pacheco.

Rev. and Mrs. William H. Allen have had as guests Mrs. Allen's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Greene and son, Mr. James Greene, of Edgewood, and their daughter, Miss Helen Allen of Fallmouth, Mass.

The election of officers of Oakland Lodge, No. 32, I. O. O. F., was held on Friday evening. Those elected are as follows:

Noble Grand—Joseph D. Chase.

Vice Grand—Robert S. Chase.

Recording Secretary—James S. Ritchie.

Financial Secretary—Gordon McDonald.

Treasurer—John Spooner.

Coffee and doughnuts were served after the meeting.

Mrs. Mary Pinniger Sherman, who died recently in Meriden, Conn., was the widow of Wanton T. Sherman. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman resided for many years at the home now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore S. Lawton, who have been guests of Mr. Lawton's mother, Mrs. Letitia Lawton, for several days, left on Tuesday by automobile for Westfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hedley and family of Hartford, Conn., are spending a week's vacation with Mr. Hedley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hedley.

Miss Elizabeth Anthony, who has been spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Anthony, has returned to the Rhode Island School of Design.

The sale of fancy articles which was held at the home of Miss Ethel Boyd, was well attended.

The annual meeting of the Portsmouth Cemetery Corporation was held on Tuesday evening at Eureka Hall. The meeting was well attended. The Treasurer's report was read and ordered placed on file, and the following officers elected for the coming year:

President—George R. Hicks.

V

# The Strength Of The Pines

by  
Edison Marshall  
Author of "The Voice of the Pack"

Illustrations by  
Irwin Myers



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At the death of his foster father, Bruce Duncan, in an eastern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by a Mrs. Ross, summoning him promptly to southern Oregon—to meet "Linda."

CHAPTER II.—Bruce has wild but baf- fling recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by New- ton Duncan, with the girl Linda.

CHAPTER III.—At his destination, Trail's End, news that a message has been sent to Bruce is received with marked disappointment by a man introduced to the reader as "Bruce."

CHAPTER IV.—Leaving the train, Bruce is astonished at his apparent fa- miliarity with the surroundings, though to his knowledge he has never been there.

CHAPTER V.—Obedient to the message, Bruce makes his way to Martin's cross-roads store for direction as to reaching Mrs. Ross' cabin.

CHAPTER VI.—On the way, "Simon" sternly warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses.

CHAPTER VII.—Mrs. Ross, aged and infirm, welcomes him with emotion. She hastens him on his way—the end of "Pine-Neck Trail."

CHAPTER VIII.—Through a country unusually familiar, Bruce journeys, and finds his childhood playmate, Linda.

CHAPTER IX.—The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan on her family. The Rosses, Linda occupied by the clan were stolen from the Rosses, and the family, with the exception of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, wiped out by assassination. Bruce, like the outlaws Folger, was one of the victims. His mother had died with Bruce and Linda. The girl, while small, had been kidnapped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had bequeathed his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confute the enemy's claims to the property, has been lost.

CHAPTER X.—Bruce's mountain blood responds to the call of the blood-feud.

CHAPTER XI.—A giant tree, the Sen- tinel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, seems to Bruce's excited imagination to endeavoring to convey a message.

CHAPTER XII.—Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, a witness to the agreement between Linda's father and Matthew Folger.

CHAPTER XIII.—A gigantic grizzly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity, because of its size and ferocity.

CHAPTER XIV.—Dave Turner, sent by Simon, bribes Hudson to swear falsely concerning the agreement, if brought to light, knowing its whereabouts.

CHAPTER XV.—Hudson and Dave visit the Turner's traps. A wolf, caught in traps discovered by the Killer. Disturbed at his feast, the brute strikes down Hudson. Bruce, on his way to Hudson, shoots and wounds the Killer, driving him from his victim. Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the hiding place of the agreement, but death summons him.

CHAPTER XVI.—Simon, believing Bruce knows where the document is concealed, lays plans to trap him.

CHAPTER XVII.—Dave decoys Linda and Aunt Elmira from their home. The man insults Linda and is struck down by the aged Elmira. Elmira's son, has been discovered by Dave, and is com- mand, after securely binding the desperado, Linda leaves them alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Returning, Bruce finds a note, presumably from Linda, telling him she has been kidnapped by the Turners.

CHAPTER XIX.—Bruce falls into Simon's trap, and is made prisoner.

CHAPTER XX.—Charging Bruce with attempting to reopen the blood-feud, the clan, after a mock trial, decides to spot where the killer has slain and half eaten a calf the night before. They look for the return of the grizzly and the probable slaying of Bruce by the animal.

Again he paused. Bruce looked up.

"The thing that's lying there is a dead yearling calf, half ate up. It was killed last night by the Killer—the old grizzly that maybe you've heard of before. Some of the boys

were going to wait in trees tonight by the carcass and shoot the Killer when he comes back after another meal—something that likely won't happen until about midnight if he runs true to form. But it won't be necessary now. We're going to haul the carcass away—down wind where he won't smell it. And we're going to leave you there in its place to explain to him what became of it."

Bruce felt their glowing eyes upon him. Exultation was creeping over the clan; once more their leader had done himself proud. It was such suggestions as this that kept them in awe of him.

And they thought they understood. They supposed that the night would be of the utter depths of terror to the tenderfoot from the cities, that the bear would sniff and wander about him, and perchance the man's hair would be turned quite white by morning. But being mountain men, they thought that the actual danger of attack was not great. They supposed that the inborn fear of men that all animals possess would keep him at a distance. And, if by any unlikely chance the theft of the beef carcass should throw him into such a rage that he would charge Bruce, no harm in particular would be done. The man was a Folger, an enemy of the clan, and after once the telltale ropes were removed, no one would ask questions about the mutilated, broken thing that would be found next morning in the pasture. The story would carry down to the settlements merely a fresh atrocity of the Killer, the last and greatest of the grizzlies.

But they had no realization of the full dreadfulness of the plan. They hadn't heard the more recent history of the Killer—the facts that Simon had last learned from Dave. Strange and dark conjecturing occupied Simon's mind, and he knew—in a moment's thought—that something more than terror and indignity might be

in store for him.

inence on their operations because of outlandish occurrences. In a dream. They seemed to know just what to do. They took him from the saddle and bound his feet again, then laid him in the fragrant grass. They searched his pockets, taking the forged note that had led to his downfall. "It saves me a trip," Simon commented. He saw two of them lift the torn body of the animal out to the back of one of the horses, and he watched dully as the horse plunged and wheeled under the unfamiliar weight.

Simon spoke in the silence, but his words seemed to come from far away. "Quiet that horse or kill him," he said softly. "You can't drag the carcass with your rope—the Killer would trace it if you did and maybe spoil the evening for Bruce."

Strong arms seized at the bits, and the horse quivered, trembling. For a moment Bruce saw their white moonlit faces as they stared down at him.

"What about a gag?" one of the men asked.

"No. Let him shout if he likes. There is no one to hear him here."

Then the tall men swung on their horses and headed back across the fields. Bruce watched them dully. Their forms grew constantly more dim, the sense of utter isolation increased. Then he saw the die pause, and it seemed to him that words too faint for him to understand, reached him across the moonlit spaces. Then one of the party turned off toward the ridge.

He guessed that it was Simon. He thought the man was riding toward Linda's home.

He watched until the shadows had hidden them all. Then, straining upward, he tested his bonds. He tugged with the full strength of his arms, but there was not the play of an inch between his wrists. The Turners had done their work well. Not the slightest chance of escape lay in this quarter.

He wrenched himself to one side, then looked about him. The fields stretched even and distant on one side, but he saw that the dark forest was but fifty yards away on the other. He listened; and the little night sounds reached him clearly. They had been sounds to rejoice in before—impulses to delightful fancies of a fawn stealing through the thickets, or some of the Little People in their scurried, tremulous business of the night hours. But lying helpless at the edge of the forest, they were nothing to rejoice in now. He tried to shut his ears to them.

He rolled again to his back and tried to find peace for his spirit in the stars. There were millions of them. They were larger and more bright than any time he had ever seen them. They stand in their high places, wholly indifferent and impassive to all the strife and confusion of the world below them; and Bruce wished that he could partake of their spell enough so that he could rise above the fear and bitterness that had begun to oppress him. But only the pines could talk to them. Only the tall trees, stretching upward toward them, could reach into their mysterious calm.

His eyes discerned a thin filament of cloud that had swept up from behind the ridges, and the sight recalled him to his own position with added force. The moonlight, soft as it was, had been a tremendous relief to him. At least, it would have enabled him to keep watch, and now he dreaded the fall of utter darkness more than he had ever dreaded anything in his life. It was an ancient instinct, coming straight from the young days of the world when nightfall brought the hunting creatures to the mouth of the cave, but he had never really experienced it before.

He watched with growing horror the slow extension of the clouds. Finally the moon swept under them.

The shadow fell around Bruce. For the first time he knew the age-old terror of the darkness. He no longer knew himself as one of a dominant breed, master of all the wild things in the world. He was simply a living creature in a gelid and unconquered world, alone and helpless in the terror of the darkness.

The moonlight alternately grew and died as the moon passed in and out of the heavier cloud patches. Whips must have been blowing in the high lanes of the air, but there was no breath of them where Bruce lay. The forests were silent, and the little rustlings and stirrings that reached him from time to time only seemed to accentuate the quiet.

The blow seemed to daze Bruce; and at first his only realization was that the room suddenly rang with harsh and grating laughter. Then Simon's words broke through it. "Put back the thongs," he ordered. "and go get your horses."

Bruce was dimly aware of the falling of a silence, and then the arms of strong men half carrying him to the door. But he couldn't see plainly at first. He knew that the clan had brought their horses and were waiting for Simon's command. They loosened the ropes from about his ankles, and two of the clansmen swung him on to the back of a horse. Then they passed a rope under the horse's belly and tied his ankles anew.

Simon gave a command, and the strange file started. The night air dispelled the mists in Bruce's brain, and full realization of all things came to him again.

One of the men—he recognized him as Young Bill—led the horse on which he rode. Two of the clansmen rode in front, grim, silent, incredibly tall figures in the moonlight. The remainder rode immediately behind. Simon himself, seated in his saddle, kept a little to one side. Their shadows were long and grotesque on the soft grass of the meadows, and the only sound was the soft footfall of their mounts.

A full mile distant across the lush fields the cavalcade halted about a grotesque shadow in the grass. Bruce didn't have to look at it twice to know what it was: the half-devoured body of the yearling calf that had been the Killer's prey the night before. From

the hills of a young fir tree rustled and whispered as something brushed against them. Leaves tickled together, and once a heavy club poked like a distant small-caliber rifle as a great weight broke it in two. Then, as if the gods of the wilderness were using all their ingenuity to torture him, the silence closed down deeper than ever before.

It lasted no long that he began to hope again. Perhaps the sounds had been made by a deer stealing on its way to feed in the pastures. Yet he knew the step had been too heavy for anything but the largest deer, and their way was to encircle a thicket rather than crash through it. It might have been the step of one of the small, black bears—a harmless and friendly wilderness dweller. Yet the impression lingered and strengthened that only some great hunter, a beast who feared neither other beasts nor men, had been steadily coming toward him through the forest.

At that instant the moon slipped under a particularly heavy fragment of cloud, and deep darkness settled over him. Even his white face was no longer discernible in the dusk. He lay scarcely breathing, trying to fight down his growing terror.

This silence could mean but one of two things. One of them was that the creature who had made the sounds had turned on, on, out of the inky interlocking game trails that wind through the forest. This was his hope. The alternative was one of despair. It was simply that the creature had detected his presence and was stalking him to silence through the shadows.

He thought that the light would never come. He strained again at the ropes. The dark cloud swept on; and the moonlight, silver and bright, broke over the scene.

The forest stood once more in sharp silhouette against the sky. He studied with straining eyes the dark fringe of shadows one hundred feet distant.

Then he detected a strange variation in the dark border of shadows. It held his gaze, and its outlines slowly strengthened. So still it stood, so seemingly a natural shadow that some irregularly shaped tree had cast, that his eyes refused to recognize it. But in an instant more he knew the truth.

The shadow was that of a great beast that had stalked him close to the border of the moonlight. The Killer had come for his dead.

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## THE STRENGTH OF THE PINES

Continued from Page 2



He Struck Her Breast. The Brutality of the Man Stood Forth at Last.

into the presence of Bruce, confined somewhere among these ridges and suffering the punishment of having opposed his will, Simon would want one look to see how his plan was getting on; perhaps he would want to utter one taunting word. And Linda saw her chance.

She dropped the rifle and darted into her own room. There she procured a weapon that she trusted more, her little pistol, loaded with six cartridges.

If she had understood the real nature of the danger that Bruce faced, she would have retained the rifle. It shot with many times the smashing power of the little gun, and at long range was many times as accurate, but even it would have seemed an ineffective defense against such an enemy as was even now creeping toward Bruce's body. But she knew that to a crisis, against such of the Turners as she thought she might have to face, it would serve her much better than the more awkward heavier weapon.

For an instant he had an exultant hope that the bear would continue on down the edge of the forest and leave him; and his heart stood still as the great beast paused, sniffling. But some smell in the air seemed to reach him, and he came stealing back.

In reality, the Killer was puzzled.

He had come to this place straight through the forest with the expectation that hood—flesh to tear with his fangs—would be waiting for him. And now, as he waited at the border of the darkness, he knew that a strange change had taken place. And the Killer did not like strangeness.

The smell that he had expected had dissolved to such an extent that it promoted no insatiable impulse. Perhaps it was only obviated by a strange smell—one that was vaguely familiar and awakened a slow, brooding anger in his great beast's heart.

He was not timid; yet he retained some of his natural caution and remained in the gloom while he made his investigations. Probably it was a hunting instinct alone. He crept slowly up and down the border of moonlight, and his anger seemed to grow and deepen within him. He felt dimly that he had been cheated out of his meal. And once before he had been similarly cheated; but there had been singular triumph at the end of that experience.

All at once a movement, far across the pasture, caught his attention. It seemed that some one had come, taken one glance at the drama at the edge of the forest, and had departed. Bruce himself had not seen the figure; and perhaps it was the mercy of Fate—not usually merciful—that he did not. He might have been caused to hope again, only to know a deeper despair when the man left him without giving aid. For the tall form had been that of Simon coming, as Linda had anticipated, for a moment's inspection of his handiwork. And seeing that it was good, he had departed again.

The grizzly watched him go, then turned back to his questioning regard of the strange, dark figure that lay so prone in the grass in front. The darkness dropped over him as the moon went behind a heavy patch of cloud.

And in that moment the Killer understood. He remembered now, possibly the upright form of Simon had suggested it to him; possibly the wind had only blown straight and thus permitted him to identify the troubling smells. All at once a memory flashed over him—of a scene in a distant glen, and similar tall figures that tried to drive him from his food. He had charged then, struck once, and one of the forms had laid very still. He remembered the pungent, maddening odor that had reached him after his blow had gone home. Most clearly of all, he remembered how his claws had struck and sunk.

He knew this strange shadow now. It was just another of that tall breed he had learned to hate, and it was simply lying prone as his foe had done after the charge beside Little River. In fact, the still-lying form recalled the other occasion with particular vividness. The excitement that he had felt before returned to him now; he remembered his disappointment when the whistling bullets from the hillside above had driven him from his dead. But there were no whistling bullets now. Except for them, there would have been further rapture before that stroke; but he might have it now.

The old hunting instinct came back to him. It was fair game, this that lay so still in the grass, just as the body of the calf had been and just as the warm body of Hudson in the distant glen.

The wound at his side gave him a twinge of pain. It served to make his memories all the clearer. The lurid light grew in his eyes. Rage swept over him.

But he didn't charge blindly. He retained enough of his hunting caution to know that to stalk was the proper course. He moved farther out from the edge of the forest.

At that instant the moon came out and revealed him, all too vividly, to Bruce. The Killer's great gray figure

or civilization that men have mostly forgotten what it is like. If they experience it at all, it is usually only in a dream that arises from the germinating nightmare to paralyze the muscles and chill the heart and freeze a man in his bed. The moon was strange and white as it slipped in and out of the clouds, and the forest, mysterious as Death itself, lightened and darkened alternately with a strange effect of unreality; but for all that, Bruce could not make himself believe that this was just a dream. The dreadful reality remained that the Killer, whose name and works he knew, was even now investigating him from the shadows one hundred feet away.

The fear that came to him was that of the young world—fear without recompense, direct and primitive fear that grew on him like a sickness. It was the fear that the deer knew as they crept down their dusky trails at night; it was the fear of darkness and silence and pain and heaven knows what cruelty that would be visited upon him by those terrible rending fangs and claws. It was the fear that can be heard in the pack song in the dreadful winter season, and that can be felt in strange overtones in the sobbing wall of despair that the coyote utters in the half-darkness. He had been afraid for his life every moment he was in the hands of the Turners. He knew that if he survived this night, he would have to face death again. He had no hopes of deliverance altogether. But the Turners were men, and they worked with knife blade and bullet, not rending fang and claw. He could face men bravely; but it was hard to keep a strong heart in the face of this ancient fear of beasts.

The Killer seemed disturbed and moved slowly along the edge of the moonlight. Bruce could trace his movements by the irregularity in the line of shadows. He seemed to be moving more cautiously than ever, now. Bruce could not hear the slightest sound.

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in the silver light was creeping toward him across the silvered grass.

When Linda left her house, her first realization was the need of caution. It would not do to let Simon see her. And she knew that only her long training in the hills, her practice in climbing the winding trails, would enable her to keep pace with the fast-walking man without being seen.

In her concern for Bruce, Linda had completely forgotten the events of the earlier part of the evening. Wild and stirring though they were, they now seemed to her as incidents of remote years, nothing to be remembered in this hour of crisis. But she remembered them vividly when, two hundred yards from the house, she saw two strange figures coming toward her between the moonlit tree trunks.

There was very little of reality about either. The foremost figure was bent and strange, but she knew that it could be no one but Elmira. The second, however—half-obscured behind her—offered no interpretation of outline at all at first. But at the turn of the trail she saw both figures in vivid profile. Elmira was coming homeward, bent over her cane, and she led a saddled horse by its bridle rein.

Still keeping Simon in sight, Linda ran swiftly toward her. She didn't understand the deep awe that stole over her—her emotion that even her fear for Bruce could not transcend. There was a quality in Elmira's face and posture that she had never seen before. It was as if she were walking in her sleep, she came with such a strange heyness and languor, her cane creeping through the pine needles of the trail in front. She did not seem to be aware of Linda's approach until the girl was only ten feet distant. Then she looked up, and Linda saw the moonlight on her face.

She saw something else too, but she didn't know what it was. Her own eyes widened. The thin lips were drooping, the eyes looked as if she were asleep. The face was a strange net of wrinkles in the soft light. Terrible emotions had but recently died and left their ashes upon it. But Linda knew that this was no time to stop and wonder and ask questions.

"Gly me the horse," she commanded. "I'm going to help Bruce."

"You can have it," Elmira answered in an unfamiliar voice. "It's the horse that—Dave Turner rode here—and he won't want him any more."

Linda took the rein, passed it over the horse's head, and started to swing into the saddle. Then she turned with a gasp as the woman slipped something into her hand.

Linda looked down and saw it was the hilt of the knife that Elmira had carried with her when the two women had gone with Dave into the woods. The blade glittered; but Linda was

afraid to look at it closely.

The Blade Glittered; but Linda Was Afraid to Look at It Closely.

afraid to look at it closely. "You might need that, too," the old woman said. "It may be we—I can't remember. But take it, anyway."

Linda hardly heard. She thrust the blade into the leather of the saddle, and then swung on the horse.

She rode swiftly until she began to fear Simon might hear the hoot beat of her mount; then she drew up to a walk. And when she had crested the hill and had followed down its long slope into the glen, the moon went under the clouds for the first time.

She lost sight of Simon at once. Seeing as her effort to save Bruce had come to nothing, after all. But she didn't turn back. There were light patches in the sky, and the moon might shine forth again.

She followed down the trail toward the cleared lands that the Turners cultivated. She went to their very edge. It was a rather high point, so she waited here for the moon to emerge again. Never, seemed to her, had it moved so slowly. But all at once its light flowed forth over the land.

Her eyes searched the distant spaces, but she could catch no glimpse of Simon between the trees. Evidently he no longer walked in the direction of the house. Then she looked out over the tilled lands.

Almost a quarter of a mile away she saw the flicker of a miniature shadow. Only the vivid quality of the moonlight, against which any shadow was clear-cut and sharp, enabled her to discern it at all. It was Simon, and evidently his business had taken him into the meadows. Feeling that she was on the right track at last, she urged her horse forward again, keeping to the shadow of the timber at first.

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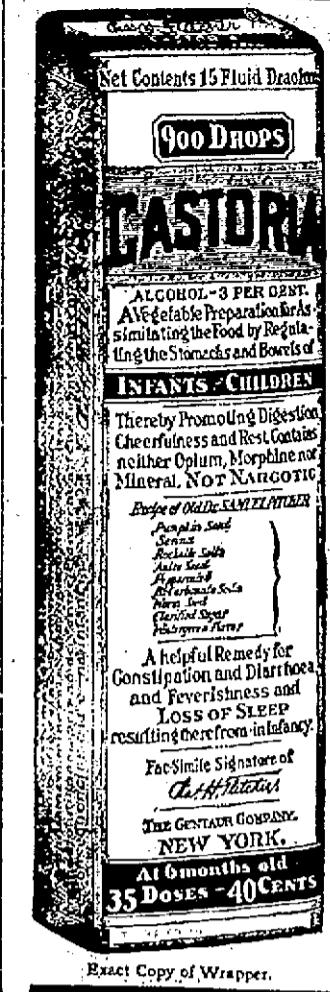
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J. K. McLennan,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

his cruel will—had cost him his victory. The war that he and his outlaw band had begun so long ago had not yet been won.

Indeed, if Simon could have seen what the moon saw as it peered out from behind the clouds, he would have known that one of the debts of blood incurred so many years ago had even now been paid. Far away on a distant hillside there was one who gave no heed to the fast hoofs of the speeding horse. It was Daye Turner, and his trail of lust and wickedness was ended at last. He lay with lifted face, and there were curious dark stains on the pine needles.

And the pines, those tall, dark sentinels of the wilderness, seemed to look down upon him in passionless contemplation, as if they wondered at the stumbling ways of men. Their branches rubbed together and made words as the wind swept through them, but no man may say what those words were.

(To be continued)

## ONE'S BEST SEASON VARIES

Youth Likes the Spring, but Elders "Feel Oats" in the Later Periods of the Year.

If you are a woman and have reached the age of, say, sweet and thirty or sweet and forty, you may hesitate to answer this question right out in meeting. But you may find entertainment or instruction in pronouncing it to yourself in the depths of your soul. This is the question:

Established 1763

*The Mercury.*

Newspaper, 1c.

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Saturday, December 9, 1922

Reports that come from the great business centres of the country all agree in saying that business of all kinds is improving. There is room for it. The improvement cannot come too fast.

Some family record! The newly elected U. S. Senator from the little State of Delaware, Thomas F. Bayard, is the sixth of the family to be elected to that office from that state. His great-great-grandfather held the office in 1789. Bayards have held it most of the time since.

Uncle Sam, on December 1st, owed \$22,624,786,450. A snug little sum. But then our Uncle is able to pay it. During the past year he has wiped out seven hundred and fifty millions of it, and in the month just ended forty millions were paid off. This is a good showing for the present administration.

It sounds very natural to say "Mayor Boyle" once more. Since the first time he was elected head of the city, May 28, 1885, many a new voter has come to the front, but His Honor seems to hold his popularity just the same. He has been Mayor sixteen years and on January 1st he will start on his seventeenth term. The Mercury congratulates him on his success.

Some twenty cities in Massachusetts held municipal elections on Tuesday. In many there was little change from last year's officials. Fall River elected a Democratic mayor, the first in many years. Brockton went Democratic. New Bedford had three parties in the field: the Citizens' party, the Progressive Citizens' party, and the Regular Citizens' party. The Citizens' party won.

With a Republican majority of 24 in the present U. S. Senate and not able to pass the anti-lynching bill, what will the Republicans do in the next Congress, when that majority is reduced to La Follette, Borah and two or three more of the same ilk? It looks very dubious for the party for the next two years in Congress. The "wild and woolly" gang from the Far West in conjunction with the Southern Democrats will have things their own way. It will be good-bye to New England's influence in the nation's law making body.

The country is suffering for lack of transportation facilities, and the railroads are suffering from hampering laws. During the last ten years more roads have been scrapped than have been built. Last year four hundred miles of new roads were built and eight hundred miles scrapped.

Twenty years ago from one thousand to two thousand miles of rails were laid annually. Now it requires more than ordinary courage for a person to put his money into railroads. The result is that the country has entirely outgrown its freight-carrying ability.

No more elections for two years. The national and state elections for 1924 look very uncertain at the present date. It is anybody's bet as to the successful party, or candidates. Announcement was made a few days ago by two prominent men, both of the Republican party, one said in positive terms that President Harding would be a candidate for re-election; the other declared with equal positiveness that he would not be a candidate. One term, he declared, was all the President desired. The President himself says nothing, which is a wise course to pursue.

The Budget Bureau of Congress recommend a total expenditure for the year 1924 of \$3,078,940,331, as against \$3,274,238,600, appropriated for 1923. This is a saving of nearly two hundred million dollars, which will, if allowed to stand, be very acceptable to the taxpayers. A few years ago, in Speaker Reed's time, when we reached the one billion dollars annual appropriation a howl went up all over the country. Now we look on a three billion, and over, appropriation, if not without murmur, still with a good degree of complacency. There is nothing like coming used to a disagreeable thing.

The new Doctor Senator from New York has joined the "wet" forces in the U. S. Senate. He says he shall back up Senator-elect Edwards, who promised when elected governor of New Jersey to make that state as "wet as the Atlantic Ocean;" and if all reports are true, he succeeded fairly well during his gubernatorial term, now in the higher body he expects to do the same thing for the whole United States; and the New York Senator says "I am going to help him." The Senator-elect says: "If Gov. Edwards succeeds, there is no question about who will be the next President of the United States." Perhaps!

## THE RHODE ISLAND SENATE

The late Professor William Goddard of Providence, one of the most learned men of his day, thus comments on the Rhode Island Senate, made up in his time just the same as it is today. He says:

"The Senate, in order that it may prove an efficient check upon the House, when checks are most needed, is constituted upon very different principles. Each town, whatever may be its population, is entitled to elect one Senator and no more. A Senate, thus organized, may by theoretical politicians, be esteemed a monolithic anomaly. Government, however, it should be recollect, is a practical matter. It cannot be fashioned in exact accordance with abstract theories. It is meant to originate upon actual existences—upon men as he is—upon positive and mixed interests—upon the various and perchance conflicting passions and aims of human society. Were the Senators and Representatives who compose the Legislature of Rhode Island, elected upon the same basis of population, the legislative department would be without check or balance. The government, however popular might be its form, would, in effect, be a despotism. The whole legislative power would be exercised by the representatives of mere numbers. What check would there be upon vicious minorities who are united and actuated by some common impulse of passion or of interest adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interest of the whole?" We have reason to be grateful that our Senate is just such a Senate as Rhode Island needs; just such a Senate as will be competent to restrain precipitate or oppressive legislation, should the House ever be swayed from its duty, under temporary inflammations of the popular mind—just such a Senate, in fact, as will maintain unimpaired the equal rights of every section of the State, and prevent any one interest from encroaching a dangerous portion of political power. The people of Rhode Island look to the Senate, with entire confidence that, upon all occasions, it will fearlessly assert and maintain its constitutional rights. In the distribution of powers, they have made no distinction between the Senate and the House. These branches are, by the Constitution, in all respects, co-equal. It is as competent for the Senate to originate a bill as for the House—it is as competent for the Senate to negative a bill as for the House. Constituted as one branch of our Legislature is upon the basis of population; and constituted as is the other upon a different and somewhat arbitrary principle, it would not be strange if, in the progress of the government, the constitutional exercise of the power of the Senate, in negotiating a bill passed by the House, should be stigmatized as an attempt on the part of the oligarchy, to defeat the legitimate operation of the popular will. Let no such claim be heeded. The issue thus sought to be made would be a false issue. Whenever the Senate may see fit to check the power of the House, it will, in doing so, carry out the will of the people, as solemly expressed in that Constitution which they have ordained and established. Never let it be said that the House is the representative of the people, rather than the Senate, because the former is constituted upon the basis of population, and the latter is not. The Constitution recognizes not this dangerous distinction, and the people ought never, for one moment, to tolerate it, unless by the irregular action of public sentiment, they are resolved to neutralize the most valuable conservative element in their whole system of government."

Chancellor Kent, one of the ablest jurists, not only of our time but of all time, said of the Rhode Island Constitution: "This provision" (alluding to the construction of the two Houses) "with that relating to the judicial tenure and compensation, renders the aspect of the constitution of that state more wise and conservative than any other constitution recently formed or amended. Indeed, that constitution seems to stand pre-eminent in value over any of the existing State constitutions in the guards it introduces against one of the most alarming evils incident in large towns and cities to our democratic establishment."

Foremost among the reforms that the Democrats may be expected to push is the committee system, under which so many evils have grown up. By burying bills in committee and refusing to report them out, the Republican managers have exercised a sinister and crushing influence on legislation in the past.—Providence Journal.

The above statement is absurd. Any party that has strength enough to pass a measure has strength enough to compel a committee to report it to the house or senate. All that is required to take a bill from a committee, or compel that committee to report any measure that may have been referred to it, is a majority vote of the members present after due notice. If the party has not votes enough to compel a committee to report a bill, they certainly would not be able to pass the bill after it was reported. Nine-tenths of the bills that are held up in committee have been introduced with no expectation of their passage. They are simply for texts on which their movers desire to make spread eagle speeches for "home consumption."

Princess Miguel de Braganza, who recently purchased "The Moors" on Harrison Avenue, has been in Newport this week to arrange for alterations and improvements to the property.

Real Friendship.

"Real friendship," said Uncle Eben, "depends less as much in forgetfulness of faults as it do on remembrance of favors."

## NAVAL APPROPRIATION FOR THIS DISTRICT CUT

The proposed cut in the appropriation for the Naval Training Station at Newport from \$225,000, the amount of last year's appropriation, to \$175,000, will cripple the station very much. It all depends on the ability of our congressmen to get the \$50,000 cut restored to the bill. It is significant that the Hampton Roads station and the Great Lakes Station get just what they ask for, viz., \$200,000 for the former and \$200,000 for the latter. The War College at Newport get \$80,450, which is \$550 less than asked for. Of course the report of the budget committee is not final. It is quite probable that the original amounts may be replaced before final passage. The trend of things in Congress shows that if New England wants anything she has got to fight for it. In the next Congress, ruled as it will be, by the South and West, New England will be lucky if she gets a "look in."

## THE BRITISH IN NEWPORT

One hundred and forty-six years ago last Thursday, December 7, 1776, the British fleet consisting of seven warships and 70 transports, carrying 6000 troops, anchored in Newport harbor. They remained here till 1779. Meanwhile they nearly destroyed the town. It took more than fifty years to recover from the blow the hostile army gave the town. They destroyed practically everything that they could reach. All the churches, save only old Trinity, were desecrated. The Providence Journal truly says: "Newport was the 'metropolis' of the period, a position she lost largely through the ruinous occupation of the British troops during the Revolution. According to this first census her population was 2203. Providence came next with 1446 and Kingston third with 1200. The remaining towns numbered from 200 to 600 dwellers."

## IMPORTANT EVENTS IN DECEMBER

December 19, 1675, The Great Swamp Fight in what is now South Kingstown took place. The Narragansett Indians were overwhelmed and their power broken.

December 22, 1686, Sir Edmund Andros assumes the government of Rhode Island.

December 22, 1755, Census of the Colony taken, Population 40,414.

December 21, 1790, First cotton factory in the country started in Pawtucket.

We have now nearly reached the shortest days of the year. Today the day is 9 hours and 11 minutes long. The shortest day will be 9 hours and 6 minutes long. The shortest day will begin, according to the Mercury Almanac, December 18, and continue the same length until December 27. The sun rises tomorrow at 7:02. It will continue to rise later each day till it reaches 7:14, which will be Dec. 30. It will continue to rise at that hour until January 11. Then the days will begin to lengthen both morning and night. The Mercury Almanac for 1923 will give all further information needed.

The new crowd, led by La Follette and the wild gang from the far West, propose to amend the Constitution of the United States at once so as to elect the President of the United States by direct vote of the people. Such an amendment will meet with little favor in the East. President Harding can be depended upon to veto such a bill should it pass Congress during his administration.

## Divorce Among Birds.

Contrary to general belief, the house wren frequently is divorced from his mate during the season, says an ornithologist. Some wrens return year after year with the same mates, while others are discovered with different mates.

## Now Sand Desert.

The only sand desert to be seen in the British Isles is Cumbrian sands, which cover a large area in North and East, on the south side of the Moray Firth. Yet this country, only a few centuries ago, was rich, well-cultivated land.

## Dusty Finds Surcease at Last.

There are a lot of joys in this gloomy old world, but none exceeds the joy of slipping on an old pair of shoes after a half day of breaking in a new pair.

## STANDARD TIME.

	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	7:02	6:51	9:12	11:05	6:51	8:51	7:02
2	10:50	10:52	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
3	7:03	6:51	9:12	11:05	6:51	8:51	7:03
4	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
5	7:04	6:52	9:13	11:06	6:52	8:52	7:04
6	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
7	7:05	6:53	9:14	11:07	6:53	8:53	7:05
8	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
9	7:06	6:54	9:15	11:08	6:54	8:54	7:06
10	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
11	7:07	6:55	9:16	11:09	6:55	8:55	7:07
12	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
13	7:08	6:56	9:17	11:10	6:56	8:56	7:08
14	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
15	7:09	6:57	9:18	11:11	6:57	8:57	7:09
16	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
17	7:10	6:58	9:19	11:12	6:58	8:58	7:10
18	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
19	7:11	6:59	9:20	11:13	6:59	8:59	7:11
20	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
21	7:12	7:00	9:21	11:14	7:00	8:59	7:12
22	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
23	7:13	7:01	9:22	11:15	7:01	8:59	7:13
24	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
25	7:14	7:02	9:23	11:16	7:02	8:59	7:14
26	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
27	7:15	7:03	9:24	11:17	7:03	8:59	7:15
28	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
29	7:16	7:04	9:25	11:18	7:04	8:59	7:16
30	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05	11:05
31	7:17	7:05	9:26	11:19	7:05	8:59	7:17

Full Moon Dec. 4, 6:25 morning.

Last Quarter Dec. 11, 11:42 morning.

New Moon Dec. 18, 7:31 morning.

First Quarter Dec. 25, 5:44 morning.

## Deaths.

In this city, 5th Inst., John J., son of the late Stanton and Sarah J. Peckham. In this city, 5th Inst., Hannah M., wife of Frank DeBarin, in her 55th year. In this city, 5th Inst., Elizabeth E. Tiverton, in her 23d Inst., Sarah, wife of Thomas W. Grinnell, in her 55th year. Suddenly, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 2, George W. Huntington, chief master at arms, U. S. N., retired.

Real Friendship.

## MRS. EDNA PERKINS

Cleveland Woman Who Crossed Mojave Desert



## SHIP SUBSIDY BILL PASSED BY HOUSE

Provides for Appropriation From Merchant Marine Fund—Eliminates Tax Rebate Section.

FINAL VOTE 208 TO 184

La Follette to Filibuster Against It. Sixty-nine Republicans Bolt—Four Democrats Support It—Dry Ship Amendment Killed.

Washington.—The house passed the administration ship subsidy bill by a vote of 208 to 151, with two voting present, a majority of twenty-four.

The bill now goes to the senate, where its fate appears to hinge on the ability of the administration leaders to force a vote.

A general survey indicates a majority favorable to the measure, but a minority is led by Senator La Follette to the Filibuster to prevent action.

Washington.—In Washington, the chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, Senator La Follette, charged that the administration had called a meeting of the committee to talk up the La Follette bill.

Senator Jones sees no reason for making any important changes in the measure as it passed the house.

Passage of the bill by the house followed last hour efforts by the Democrats to defer the date when it shall become operative until July 1, 1924, and failing in this, to kill it by sending it back to the Merchant Marine Committee with instructions to take out its vital features.

The motion to delay the date of its becoming effective was offered by Representative Moore, of Virginia. It was seconded under 50 to 175.

Reversing a previous action by a vote of 221 to 27, a provision barring intoxicating liquor from subsidized ships was eliminated from the bill shortly before the final vote.

A separate vote on the amendment, which was adopted at the request of Representative Edmonds, Republican, of Pennsylvania, was demanded by Representative Cramton, Republican.

Michigan. Cramton said the Daugherty dry ruling for American vessels would be set aside by the ship subsidy amendment, and backed up this statement with protests from the Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U.

Before the final voting began, three hours were devoted to consideration of amendments. The Democrats kept up their efforts so to mutilate the legislation that its framers would not be able to recognize it. But its champions stood up against the last-day assaults with the same stubborn resistance which previously had saved the essential features from damage.

6. Amendment of the tax laws so that the rich will have to carry their fair share of the burden and pay a proper proportion of the costs of government.

7. Amendment of the Constitution to abolish the Electoral College.

The insurgents and radicals held two sessions behind closed doors. The sessions were attended by the following senators: McNary (Rep., Ore.); Sheppard (Dem., Tex.); France (Rep., Md.); Owen (Dem., Okla.); Norris (Rep., Neb.); Stearns (Farmer-Labor, Minn.); Frazer (Rep., N. D.); Ladd (Rep., N. D.); Capper (Rep., Kans.); La Follette (Rep., Wis.); Brookhart (Rep., Ia.); Wheeler (Rep., Mont.), and Borah (Rep., Idaho).

## LA FOLLETTE GETS 37

TO JOIN WEST BLOC

Plan Laws to Help Farmer and Labor and Cut Rail and Water Rates.

Washington, D. C.—Insurgents and radicals of the present Congress and those who will sit in the new Congress after March 4 completed the organization of a new legislative bloc. The bloc adopted a legislative program and determined to press for legislation to provide plans for:

1. Relief for the farmers through farm credits, the system of a marketing system and the extending of other economic relief.

2. Relief and protection for labor through humanitarian laws.

3. Reduction of railroad rates and transportation rates through amendment of the Esch-Cummins law, particularly the rate making clauses.

4. Aid to shipping and to co-ordinate and build up water as well as land transportation so that it will best serve the needs of the people.

5. Development of natural resources of the country to the best advantage of the people and without special privilege.

6. Amendment of the tax laws so that the rich will have to carry their fair share of the burden and pay a proper proportion of the costs of government.

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## WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

PEKIN.—Deposed boy Emperor of China married in Forbidden City with all the pomp of medieval days.

ATHENS, Greece.—Athens court martial sentences Prince Andrew to perpetual banishment and degradation in the army.

DETROIT.—Henry Ford declares James Couzens, appointed United States Senator from Michigan, is the ideal man for the place.

ST. LOUIS.—Clemenceau, in St. Louis address, opposes "Society of Nations" to end war—at present time. Will discuss the issue with President Harding in Washington.

MEXICO CITY.—Mexican troops on guard as laborers stage strike.

LAUSANNE.—Lausanne conference on verge of collapse. Turks gain expulsion of half million Greeks.

BOSTON.—Charles Ponzi, former get rich quick financier, was found not guilty of larceny and conspiracy to commit larceny by a jury in the Superior Court here.

CHICAGO.—Chicago Medical Post of American Legion bitterly denounces pardon by Governor Small of Illinois of William Bross Lloyd, millionaire radical, and eighteen associates.

BERLIN.—The Prussian cabinet is considering a law which would clamp down the lid on Berlin. The proposed statute forbids dancing in all cabarets, bars and cafes and provides for the limitation of alcoholic sales.

LAUSANNE.—Ismet Pasha, Kemalist representative in the Near Eastern peace parley here, told the commission for the partition of the Ottoman debt that the old empire no longer existed and that it was impossible for Turkey to assume the responsibility of the obligation incurred by the sultan. The Turks are very pessimistic over the state of affairs.

The first cargo of grain ever shipped from Boston to Algiers left last week in the holds of the Dutch steamer Hervissem. This steamer took out 120,000 bushels of Canadian wheat. This cargo, it is understood, is for the Algerian government and it is possible that it may be followed by other cargoes from Boston.

## SHIP SUBSIDY BILL FAILS

## DEFEAT IN SENATE

Democrats and Insurgents Join to Beat It by Vote or Delay; Harding Sees Danger.

Washington.—The ship subsidy bill, President Harding's pet measure, is drifting on the rocks in the Senate. A combination of Democrats and insurgent Republicans is determined to defeat it either by a roll call or prolonged debate. The President thinks if the measure can be brought to a roll call it will win, but admits the rules of the Senate are in the way.

The President denounced "the minority" filibuster. He said it was unstatesmanlike. The danger in the Senate comes from the insurgent Republicans led by Senator La Follette (Wis.), who can prevent a vote.

The Democrats are ready to speak and work against the subsidy bill, but have said they would not conduct a filibuster. On the other hand, Senators Borah and La Follette have served notice it cannot pass this session.

Two barriers, apparently insurmountable, face supporters of the bill in the Senate. They admit the insurgents have power to prevent the question from coming to a vote, and they make no secret of their intention to take advantage of the "easiest plan to kill the measure." Opponents of this legislation have been much encouraged by the success of the filibuster against the Dyer anti-lynching bill, and all the tricks resorted to by the Democrats in fighting that measure will be used.

Again since the election Senate leaders admit that the trend in the Senate is against the measure. In many of the states the subsidy was an issue, and several Senators herebefore committed in favor of the bill have withdrawn their support. Senator France (Md.) is in that class.

Creates revolving fund of \$125,000,000, out of which the board is empowered to make fifteen-year loans to build or equip ships in American yards.

Requires that half of the immigrants to the country must be brought on American ships "as nearly as practicable."

Creates the "Merchant Marine Fund," into which tonnage taxes and 10 per cent of all tariff duties are to be paid for cash subsidies.

Chief Provisions of Subsidy Bill

Following are the principal provisions of the ship subsidy bill:

Authorizes Shipping Board to sell government-owned fleet "at such prices and on such terms and conditions" as the board sees fit, allowing fifteen years for payment.

Gives the board full authority to dictate how much insurance shall be carried.

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## CONDENSED CLASSICS

## THE VIRGINIANS

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Condensation by

Sara Ware Bassett

Unto one knows the rollicking humor of Thackeray as it lives in his burlesques and ballads, his whole genius can scarcely be appreciated. His early success, signed by "Timorous and Yellowblush, sparkling through the pages of Punch, with pungent satire and abounding buffoonery, contained many gems of his great novels. Parodies of famous contemporaries—Disraeli, Bulwer and others—made merriment for Londoners in "Punch's" Prize Novelties.

The Legend of the Rhine, burlesques in this field is "Roxana and Rebecca," the brilliant and matchless burlesque of Scott's "Ivanhoe." It not only rippled along with broad roaring fun, but it is touched as well with pathos and genuine humor. Scattered through it are some of the best songs of their kind in English literature.

Thackeray's ease in rhyming was incomparable. While he possessed true poetic feeling, he particularly excelled in rollicking verse and in ballad-making. In this his characteristic pathos, his judgment at wrong, and his distinctive qualities of fun, especially shone.

"The Willow Tree," "The White Queen," "The Mahogany Tree," and "The Son, Town of Werther," will always be dear to many. All true bohemians will relish the "Ballad of Bouillibaisse." No doubt many of our boys "over there" have tasted the famous dish, as well as the joys of fellowship and the songs for comrades "gave vent" as sympathetically sung in this ballad.

**VIRGINIA** in the days of Washington's early manhood; Virginia with its vast tobacco plantations sloping to the river; its myriad of slaves; its great estates where, loyal to the king, the master was above all else a gentleman and a sportsman, and the mistress a lady who directed the affairs of her household with the imperiousness of a princess of the blood; a Virginia of stiff brocades of hoops and powdered wigs; a land where hospitality ran free and good wine was never wanting—such is the setting chosen by Thackeray for his sequel to "Henry Esmond," the tale entitled, "The Virginians."

It was a picturesque period in history, and the author of the novel was indeed daring to present to us in the first pages of his book George Washington, the young colonial colonel, who comes hither in his coach from his adjoining estate to visit Madam Esmond, the daughter of our old friend Henry Esmond at her American home. "Castlewood," and there meet her nineteen-year-old twin sons George Esmond Warrington and Harry Warrington. Hither, also, comes General Braddock, the English commander who expects with the aid of his forces to bring about an end to the French and Indian wars; and in his company is Benjamin Franklin, the Philadelphia printer.

Ah, Thackeray had courage to present to us in the flesh these familiar celebrities! But he does it delightfully. We see George Washington, a frequent and welcome guest at "Castlewood," greeting the Widow Esmond with friendship so ardent that her sons, jealous of every attention paid their mother, mistake his gallantry for a tender sentiment and are on the point of challenging the colonel to a duel when they discover their error. Afterward George, the elder twin by the narrow margin of a half-hour, goes forth with Braddock and Washington into the campaign that costs the English general his life, and in which the king's troops are defeated by the French and Indians. From this disastrous pilgrimage Washington's young aid, George Esmond Warrington, fails to return, and great is the grief at "Castlewood." Madam Esmond reproaches Colonel Washington, that he should come back unscathed when her son is missing. As for Harry, the loss of his elder brother so overwhelms him that it is deemed wise to send him on a sea voyage to England in the hope of diverting him from constantly mourning the twin he so devotedly loved.

Hence we next behold Harry at the home of his English cousins at "Castlewood" where, we regret to say, he at first receives but a scant welcome. My Lord Castlewood and the ladies would not have tolerated either Harry or his black servant Gumbo had not Aunt Bernstein, the Brixton Esmond of Harry's grandfather's day, been a guest at the house. Although the baroness is now old and has lost her beauty she has not lost her money, and because the impoverished Castlewoods are eager to inherit the latter they dare not oppose her. She will have Harry Warrington welcomed to the home of his ancestors.

Therefore the young American is granted a tardy invitation to the family estate to which his grandfather, Henry Esmond, although the rightful heir, waived all claims before emigrating to Virginia. Harry is an ingratiant young fellow and his Aunt Bernstein promptly falls in love with him, urging him to go with her to Tunbridge Wells, a fashionable resort, whither she is bound. The shrewd old woman is insistent in her demand for she sees that the unsophisticated lad has already developed a passion for the Rt. Hon. Maria Esmond, Lord Castlewood's sister, and a woman more than twice Harry's age.

The boy himself realizes his mistake but he is an Esmond and a Virginian, and for such there is no drawing back. Madam Bernstein is not so scrupulous, however. Harry is young and, as his black servant shamelessly asserts, royally rich.

He can do better for himself and the family than throw himself away on a scheming woman who is penniless, and who has none too good a reputation. Indeed there is scarcely one Castlewood whose past would bear inspection. Even the escutcheon of the baroness herself is dingy and tarnished. She is nevertheless kind-hearted and sincerely fond of Harry and therefore with coach and postillions, and outriders, and trunks, and servants she bears him and his Lady Maria away with her to Tunbridge Wells.

On the journey Harry is thrown from his horse and his shoulder being injured he is carried into the nearest house which proves to be the home of Colonel Lambert whose wife was an old school friend of Harry's mother. Of course the Lamberts cannot do enough for the boy. Theo, and Hetty, the charming daughters of the family, are never tired waiting on him; and when he rides away to join his aunt four days later he has formed a strong friendship with the Lambert family. Already the memory of the fair Maria is a bit dimmed.

Ah, when he reaches Tunbridge Wells what a little world of fashion and corruption it is! Our Virginian has never seen anything of the like before. Nor does he see it now with discerning eye. The little painted dancer whom the earl of March has in his company must surely be as beautiful as she looks; and the men of rank with their gaming and drinking, are gentlemen all, in simple Harry's estimation.

The fame of the Virginian has preceded him.

The tales told of his wealth have rolled up until he's become a veritable prince with gold uncounted, numberless acres of land, slaves, tobacco fields—diamond mines if you will. As Aunt Bernstein has spread some of these tidings she begs her nephew not to disgrace her by contradicting them, and therefore what can he do? There is no choice but to live the rich Virginian; spend money freely, gamble as does all the world of fashion; and these things Harry Esmond Warrington proceeds to do.

It is not a difficult role to play. All Tunbridge is at his feet. Jewelers, drapers, dancing masters wait on him.

He gambles and wins—continues to gamble and win.

He becomes known as the "Fortunate Youth."

Everything he touches turns to money.

But the lad does not become a profligate; there is too fine stuff in him. He is foolish, maybe; but he is ever an Esmond and a Virginian. Men like him because he is honest; women because he is chivalrous.

Again and again Aunt Bernstein tries to break off his engagement to Maria. She even appeals to that lady herself. But Maria will not give up her treasure. A rich and handsome young husband is no easy prize to win. She has Harry's word and she will hold him to it.

The baroness is in despair. She will send Maria home and Harry to London on some trumped up errand or other.

The boy has never seen London and what a realm of enchantment it is! The fireworks at Vauxhall; the theater where Garrick plays to royalty; Doctor Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the wits of the day whom one meets at White's or the Cocoa-Tree!

What is Tunbridge Wells after seeing London? Harry takes lodgings—luxurious lodgings, for must he not maintain the dignity of his family? And he goes to White's in his chair where the gay macarons are only too ready to welcome him and gamble, the gold from out his pocket. To London, too, come the Lamberts and with them General Wolfe whom Harry has already met at Tunbridge. Everybody comes to London, and an alluring career our Virginian leads there. Then suddenly his luck changes.

One evening he loses at White's; he loses a second evening, and a third. He plays with my Lord Castlewood (my lord's honor at cards might be challenged) and all his hordes of wealth is swept away. Creditors appear. Tradesmen who were servile but a day or two before now become insolent. Presently on returning from an evening party Harry Warrington is arrested for debt and led away to Chancery Lane.

It is incredible! The misfortune is, however, merely temporary, he tells himself. Some one of the many friends who have shared his money and drunk his wine will, of course, come forward and go bail for him. He writes to first one and then another. Not one of them will aid him. The baroness sends a proposal that if he will give up his marriage to Lady Maria she will pay his debts and release him from his present embarrassing dilemma. This Harry refuses to do. Has not Maria but a moment before come to him loyally offering to give him her jewelry and trinkets? Keen-eyed woman of the world that she is Maria has not miscalculated the effect of this dramatic action. It blinds Harry to her more securely than ever.

It is just as Colonel Lambert and General Wolfe are coming to the boy's aid that a miracle occurs.

Into the jail stalks George Esmond Warrington, the he and brother who was supposed to have been killed two years before. He quietly discharges Harry's indebtedness and the two go away together happy as children.

But what a revolution the appearance of this elder brother makes in society's attitude toward poor Harry! He is no longer the favored child of fortune. Debts are nothing—everybody has those. Nor is the jail a disgrace. Many a darling of fashion has passed a night there. But to be a younger son! Society turns up its nose. Accordingly it is George Esmond Warrington who now becomes the idol while Harry is thrust into the background. Acquaintances pass him by. What right had the wretched to masquerade as heir to the Esmond estates? The story of his brother's res-

cue from death is a thin one. No doubt the sycophants knew all along that George was alive.

Had there not been the deepest and most enduring affection between the two such a state of affairs might perhaps have created a breach between them. As it is they pay no heed to society's cruel tongue.

George meets the baroness, the Castlewoods, and the Lamberts and immediately falls in love with Theo. He also meets Lady Maria and after telling her that Harry will now have no fortune that far-sighted worldling breaks off the match of her own accord. It was the money she wanted, not Harry.

Our young rascal is jubilant enough to be free and in due time casts in his lot with the army, going with the English to France and later with General Wolfe against Canada. In both these campaigns he wins distinction which reinstates him with his former friends.

But he has had enough of London. His mother is growing old and he will go to her.

He arrives just as the colonies are on the brink of revolution.

Madam Esmond is still a stout royalist; but Harry, a child of the younger generation, is a Virginian, an American. He joins General Washington, the friend of his youth, and serves under him through the war for independence.

In the meantime George Esmond Warrington, dressed in a coat of scarlet, is serving the king in the command of General Clinton.

The two factions clash, but the Warringtons contrive to meet and exchange greetings. Their politics may differ but their hearts are unchanged one toward the other.

Eventually George weds Theo Lambert and settles down in the old world, an English gentleman; but Gen. Harry Warrington ends his days in Virginia.

"On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords which his relatives wore in the great war of independence. The one sword was gallantry drawn in the service of the king, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier," says Thackeray. "The colonel in scarlet, and the general in blue and buff hang side by side in the wainscoted parlor of the Warringtons in England, their love never having materially diminished, however angrily the contest divided them. . . . These effigies have always gone by the name of 'The Virginians' by which name their memoirs are christened."

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## MOASIC REAL WORK OF ART

New Yorker Made Decorative Use of Currency Accidentally Torn In Bank's Money-Room.

Greenbacks or yellowbacks that were accidentally torn in the money-room of a bank have been put into decorative use by A. J. Bame of New York city in the making of a mosaic 22½ by 28½ inches. The original would have a value of \$30,000 if it were made from good bills.

More than two thousand pieces are contained in the design, and Mr. Bame put into the task all his spare time extending over a period of ten months.

Each piece of the mosaic had to be ironed out and cut with small scissos. Many of the pieces were so small that they had to be held by a pair of tweezers in order to cut them.

The very lifelike eye of the eagle was made from the figure 2 with the bottom cut off while the beak was from the yellow back of a \$20 bill.

The little designs found on \$5 bills were used for the feathers in the eagle's head, and the neck feathers came out of \$2 bills.

The red and blue stripes in the shield were obtained from the colored seals on the bills, while the white stripes and the stars were simply a background of white paper, the stars having been cut out with a penknife.

—Popular Science Monthly.

**Noble Foundation.**  
Having flown from London to Sydney on his wedding, Sgt. Walter Shiers, one of the mechanics who accompanied Sir Ross Smith on his world flight, had the unique experience of being supported by the Victoria Cross winners, a state premier, Sir Ross Smith, and the president of the British empire league's Australian branch, H. D. McIntosh. The bridegroom flew on to Melbourne and the bride followed on by train.

**Bird Robbers.**

Birds which make a practice of robbing others of their food, include the Jaegers, the frigate bird and the bald eagle.

**Budding Romancé Nipped.**

"I was eight and he was ten. We attended the same school and our two grades were in the same room. When 4 o'clock came his grande rose and marched out of the room first. When he reached the door he would turn toward me slightly and I would wink at him. One evening the teacher caught me winking, and kept me after school. You can imagine that put a quick stop to that budding romance.—Chicago Journal.

**Omar Khayyam.**

Omar Khayyam was a Persian poet, astronomer and mathematician, born at Nishapur, in Khorassan. His scientific works which were of high value in their day, have been eclipsed by his "Rubaiyat," a collection of about 300 epigrams in praise of wine, love and pleasure, and at the same time depressingly pessimistic. He died in Nishapur in 1123.

**Both Would Be Welcomed.**

Pressing need of the time is an unlitable telegraph pole. Also a bill side that a car won't roll down.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

## DOG HAD REVENGE

How Collie Got Even With Man Who Killed His Mate.

Reckless Speeder's Punishment, It Will Be Conceded, Was Well Deserved—Other Good Animal Stories.

Do you like dogs? asks a reviewer in the Literary Digest. Because if you don't there is no earthly use in calling your attention to "Further Adventures of Lad," by Albert Payson Terhune, but if you are of those to whom the friendship of one of these animals has been given, you will hardly lay down the book before finishing it.

Lad was a collie belonging to the author and who attained the great age of sixteen, the equivalent of nine-and-a-half years of human life. The book relates various incidents in Lad's career in which Mr. Terhune has been obliged to draw somewhat upon his imagination as to detail, but which are none the less true. One of the best of these stories relates the sad death of Lad's mate, Lady, who was run over by a speeding motorist on a country road as she was running near her master's car. Lad's grief was intense as he stood beside the body.

When the first place, "Jones" was not the real name of this hero, but one adopted by him in later years. He was born with the name "John Paul" and there is much doubt as to whether he was the true or the adopted son of the Scotch gardener in whose cottage he spent the first 12 years of his life.

Crawford, author of "The Sailor Who Engulfed Fear" and one of the leading authorities on the life of John Paul Jones, admits that "mystery surrounded his origin with an impenetrable veil" and that he encountered great difficulties in his efforts to sift the fable from the true, the legend from the facts. The generally accepted story is that John Paul was born in the little village of Arbigland and that his father was a poor man, half gardener and half fisherman, while his mother was of pure Highland stock. But Crawford expresses more than a doubt that the Pauls were really the boy's parents, but has been unable to delve further into the mystery.

John Paul's brother was adopted by a Virginia planter by the name of Jones and, when this planter died he left his estate to his adopted son upon condition that he take the same name.

The brother, in turn, died shortly afterward, willfully the property to John Paul upon the same condition. Thus John Paul became John Paul Jones, the name by which he is known and revered.

When, after his memorable naval exploits, John Paul Jones finally died in France his death was practically unnoticed in America and the only record of the place of his burial was that left by a friend, for use, as he said, "An American should ever wish to perform her duty to the one to whom she owed the most."

Whether this memorandum of the grave was correct is a matter which caused much discussion about a century afterward when Gen. Horace Porter, American ambassador to France, discovered after a long search what was alleged to be the body of John Paul Jones, exceptionally well preserved in a leaden casket filled with alcohol. The measurements of the body compared exactly with those in the possession of the Navy department at Washington, but the total absence of other distinguishing marks raised a doubt as to the real identity of the body—though United States officials agreed to treat it as if it were the real remains of the naval hero.

Another story tells how Lad not only baffled a burglar, but restored the loot which had been taken. "No Trespassing" records the difficulty the master had in getting rid of a plump party that had elected to camp on his grounds, the help given by Lad in driving them away and their subsequent plan of revenge, which miscarried.

"The Intruders" tells the story of a would-be motor thief and how, in the moment of success, he was routed by a large sow, wakening from temporary unconsciousness to find himself in the hospital ward of the nearest jail.

## Measure His Words.

Bill Douthitt is a Terre Haute lawyer and an enthusiastic member of the Lion's Club. The other day two of its members became beneficiaries, and Bill was called on to make the speech when the club presented them with a memento collection of kitchen utensils.

In the course of his remarks, Bill defined "Love." He might as well, as if it were the most glorious and lasting thing in the whole world. But during the speechmaking one of the younger members of the club with a sense of humor whispered, "Sit down, Bill, for goodness' sake, before you ruin your business."

Pressed for an explanation by the fellow next him, the youngster said: "Well, some of these fellows might want a divorce some day, and no one would ever go to a lawyer who believed in the sort of love he's talking about."—Indianapolis News.

## Long in Railroad Service.

Among the oldest railroad men in western Ontario is John Quirk of Wingham, who is aged ninety years. Mr. Quirk, though definitely out of railroad work for some time, can look back to 50 active years spent in the service of various steam roads in the province. When he first began railroading in 1867 the engines burned wood, there were no such things as diners and sleepers, cars were linked with pin couplers and the speed attained, under favorable conditions, was only about twenty miles an hour.

About the only thing that was the same as it is today was the way that the conductors punched tickets. Mr. Quirk was a conductor during all the 50 years of his railroad service.

## Making a Home.

"It takes a heap of living in a house to make it a home," writes Edgar Guest, the Detroit author. And it takes only a little common sense in the selection of furniture to make that home better furnished according to the American scale. Sentiment surrounds the furniture in the home as well as it centers on some particular spot or locality in which that home was built.

# Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

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## WATER

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Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m.

## TRICKED OFFICIAL OF SOVIET

Customs Authority, Satisfied He Was the Victim of a Particularly Well-Played "Bluff."

Travelers in and out of Batum, the center of transit to and from Tiflis, Baku and other points in Persia, are learning how to circumvent some of the restrictions of the soviet authorities, says an exchange.

There is the case of the pet cat of Xenia, Xenia Maklitzoff, an exponent of Muslim dancing who is not unknown in Boston and other American cities; had to return to Petrograd on personal business. That concluded, she went south and was lately in Batum anxious to go to Trebizond, down the coast in Turkish territory, to fulfill a dancing engagement. The port authorities suspected she was trying to bid them farewell and at the same time carry away a few of the jewels for which Russia had become famous. So they began their game. They detained Xenia, searched her and took away her money. Still she would go.

"All right," they said, finally, "if you insist, but you can't take that Angora cat. We have a little idea that you have fed her jewels and that once aboard the steamer—"

Tears, Xenia shed them copiously, but the shower was in vain. Then an official said he believed he would cut the cat open any way, then and there.

Whereupon there came to the front Mr. Maklitzoff, Xenia's manager, theatrical, diplomatic and otherwise, and her husband. "Let a man handle this situation," he declared. "Cut the cat open," he said, "but on these terms: If jewels are found in her inside you, Mr. Customs Inspector, can shoot me. If there are no jewels, I will shoot you. There is the pistol; these are my sporting terms. Go ahead and cut."

But no official could withstand this evidence of good faith. He let them go to Trebizond, all three, the dancer, the diplomat and the cat. He now tells the story on himself, and still insists the cat carried the jewels.

**Plan to Prevent Bad Checks.**  
To protect merchants and students from the passing of bad checks by a few dishonest persons—an evil which had become quite troublesome in the last two or three years—a new plan has just been worked out by a Madison bank which will assist University of Wisconsin students in proving their check signatures to be genuine.

Under the new plan, the student carries an identification card issued by the bank with which to compare signatures. The acid-proof card, which is given to each student who opens an account, includes in the identification the student's signature as signed in the presence of the bank teller, so that it may be compared with the one on the check.

Forgery will be difficult with this new method, and it is hoped by the originator of the plan that every student will adopt the idea.

The handling of the small temporary bank accounts of 7,500 students offers a complicated problem, and, because Madison merchants have been accommodating in cashing student checks, more or less opportunity has been offered for dishonest persons to pass bad checks.

**Classics Running Behind.**

The Moliere tradition remains strong and abiding. The actors of the Comedie Francaise are artistic descendants of the famous playwright. The Comedie Francaise had its beginning nearly 250 years ago, when it was founded by the amalgamation of Moliere's own company and the comedians of the Hotel de Bourgogne. The permanent staff of the Comedie Francaise enjoy a substantial state subvention, from which each of the players receives in addition to payment for every performance "a retainer fee" of 12,000 francs, and when too old for service a generous pension. The only condition of the subvention is that Moliere's plays must always be in the repertoire, despite the fact that of late this has meant financial loss, as modern plays prove more attractive to the Parisians than those of the classical dramatist. Modernists are ahead of the classicists nowadays in more than one walk of life, which after all is but a sign of the times.—Montreal Gazette.

**Radio on Motor Buses.**  
Equipping motor busses with radio apparatus is a departure inaugurated by a transit company operating some eighty-five of these vehicles on the Pacific coast. This innovation is the result of the keen rivalry of the bus concerns to obtain for their respective lines the patronage of the thousands of tourists who annually visit the western states. That the venture is practical has been fully demonstrated by extensive experiments. Possessing only a two-step radio short wave receiving outfit, the experimenters could hear concerts at a distance of fifteen miles from the broadcasting station, and this despite the obvious necessity of employing a low antenna.

—Populair Mechanics Mag.

## PROTECTION FOR FARM MACHINERY

Many Valuable Implements Are Left in Shelter of Broad Skies All Year Around.

## LIKE THROWING AWAY MONEY

Few Farmers Following This Practice Realize Great Loss They Sustain—Covering of Common Axle Grease is Good.

How many farmers would leave \$25, \$50 and even \$100 in bills out in the open during an entire winter? Sounds absurd, but scores of such bills, in their equivalent of farm implements are left in the shelter of the broad skies all the year. Few farmers who follow this practice do so with a realization of the great loss they are sustaining in the money invested.

A \$100 machine left out of shelter over winter, means a loss of from \$5 to \$15. At this rate it is quite evident that a machine shed would be paid for in two or three years, even at present building costs.

**Store Implements Properly.**  
A suitable shelter having been provided, it is now essential to store the implements properly. If the shed has a dirt floor, keep the machinery from resting directly on the ground. Place a board at least under all supporting parts. In order to prevent rust, thoroughly cover every polished surface, such as plowshares, mold boards, cultivator shovels, power knives and the like, with common axle grease. All adjusting screws and nuts should be thoroughly oiled with ordinary machine oil. Every wheel hub and bearing, after a careful cleaning, should be packed with hard grease and replaced. Drills, in which lime or fertilizer are



Poor Way to Treat Valuable Machinery

used must be carefully cleaned, kerosene oil being liberally applied to all parts exposed to the fertilizer. Binder canvases should be hung up by wire to prevent damage from mice.

Liberal use of paint is the next step in keeping machinery in the best condition. Of course all parts must be freed from dirt and grease. Then paint the wood with a good grade of paint pigment mixed with linseed oil. All metal parts, except those greased, must be well covered with the best metal paint; this applies especially to steel parts.

**Note Parts Needing Repairs.**

When the cleaning, greasing and painting is being done, one can also make note of each broken or worn part that needs to be replaced. These can be secured during the winter, and when the spring and summer work calls for the various implements, they will be ready for duty. How much more satisfactory than to be compelled to sacrifice a day or more for repairing at a time when the machine is needed most! Any farmer who has followed the above suggestions will gladly affirm that dollars are thus saved on each and every implement. Try it and you will heartily agree.

## BEES THRIVE ON SIRUP DIET

Every Colony Should Be Given Ten Pounds of Pure Material—Honey Is Not Favored.

"After the breeding season is over and there are no eggs or larvae in the hive, bees should be winter fed," says Francis Jager, chief of the division of bee culture at University farm. "Every colony should receive ten pounds of pure sugar sirup, no matter how much honey they have. Those that are light should be fed more. Bees do best on sirup in winter, because the best of honey contains pollen grains which fill the intestines of the bees in winter, causing dysentery if they eat too much or if the winter is too long. According to University farm experiments the proportion of winter mortality of sugar-fed and non-sugar-fed bees stands three to five in favor of sugar-fed bees."

## RAT MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY

No Other Pest Infests So Much Damage Upon Humanity—Menace in City and on Farm.

No other animal or insect is so dangerous and persistent an enemy, or infests so much damage upon humanity, as the common brown or gray rat. He destroys and injures vast quantities of grain, destroys young chicks, fruits, vegetables and flowers. He causes enormous losses in warehouses and freight terminals, is a menace both in cities and farm districts.

One on the Jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting attorney, "this prisoner is an unmitigated scoundrel; he acknowledges it. And yet, thanks to the wisdom of the common law, he has been given a fair trial by a jury of his peers"—Boston Transcript.

## DAIRY COW IS LARGE FACTOR IN OKLAHOMA

Cream Stations, Creameries and Plants Tell Story.

On Account of Cattle Tick Such Development Was Formerly Impossible—Pest Eradicated From 43,255 Square Miles.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A recent map of Oklahoma indicating by marks of various shapes the location of cream stations, ice cream factories, creameries, pasteurizing plants, and combination plants, shows the dairy cow now as a big factor in the prosperity of the state. Formerly, an account of the cattle tick, such a development of dairying was impossible, but the antitick activities of the state and the United States Department



These Cows Are Healthy and Make Profitable Returns.

ment of Agriculture for the past six or seven years have resulted in the eradication of the pest from 43,255 square miles, or about 90 per cent of the infested territory.

As a result of these strides in eradication the figures on dairy production show large totals, and in 1921 milk and butter were imported products. During that year 9,039,895 pounds of butter fat in the form of sour cream was produced, selling for a little more than \$4,000,000, and 9,629,722 pounds of butter, valued at \$9,240,000. More than 10,000,000 pounds of sweet milk was bought for making ice cream. Pasteurizing plants reported handling 62,201,083 pounds of milk. The figures are from reports received from 20 creameries, 44 ice cream plants, and 80 combination plants operating in Oklahoma or just outside its borders and buying from Oklahoma farmers.

## FARMERS MUST AVOID WASTE

Increasing Price of Land, Feed and Labor Make It Adviseable to Use All By-Products.

With the increasing price of land, feed, and the higher cost of labor, it is becoming necessary that the farmer eliminate, as far as possible, any waste.

He must make use of all the by-products of his business much the same as the manufacturer does. Corn is produced in practically every section of the country, primarily for the grain, and frequently the stover is disregarded.

Properly cured stover is relished by live stock, but that which is left in the open during disagreeable weather is far from being palatable or nourishing. Stover protected from the time it is cut in the field is a valuable feed for young stock, idle horses, and cattle that are being carried over the winter on a cheap ration.

The best way to handle corn stover is by means of the shredder. This method makes it possible to get it in the barn before the feeding qualities have been injured by the weather. Enough room should always be reserved in the barn to accommodate a good supply of stover. Hay may be safely stacked out, but it is unsafe to try to stack shredded stover. Care must be taken to give the corn ample time to cure before it is shredded, for it may heat in the mow and become worthless through subsequent molding.

## FEEDING PULLETS FOR EGGS

Overfat Fowl Is Not Satisfactory Layer and Will Eventually Become a Drone.

In feeding a lot of pullets heavily for egg production, should any individual become overfat and threaten to break down, it is a good plan to take her out of the general pen and feed her more lightly. In fact, it may be a good warning that you are feeding all of them too heavily and should slow up a little. Remember that an overfat pullet makes no better a layer than an overfat hen. She will become a drone in her class.

## TO REDUCE FERTILIZER BILL

Much Money Can Be Saved on Farms Where Live Stock Is Kept by Caring for Manure.

On farms where there are live stock—and most farms should have live stock—it is possible to eliminate much of the fertilizer bill. For the manure from the animals, if taken care of, is rich in those elements which make plants grow and produce food for man and beast.

Has No Relation to Orange.

The osage orange tree is native to the southwestern part of the United States, and has no botanical relation to the true orange. It was first found near a village of Osage Indians. This, together with the fact that it has fruit similar in appearance to the orange, accounts for the name.

—Populair Mechanics Mag.

## COASTUME SUITS HAVE THE CALL

There Is Demand for This Type of Outfit in Many Guises and Varieties.

## FUR IS PARTICULAR FACTOR

Peltry Is Used in Wide Bands on Coats and Skirts—Short Outer Garment One of the Features of the Season.

Last year there were rumblings about the costume suit. The ultra-modern woman had adopted it, with a good deal of fervor, but it had not by any means become the popular thing. Now, asserts a fashion writer in the New York Times, it is all of that and more. Everywhere there is a demand for the costume suit in many guises and myriad varieties.

In the first place the costume suit has much to recommend it to the modern busy woman because it is useful in so many ways. It serves almost every purpose through a long day, and well into the evening until the hours and the occasions for formal clothes have arrived. It is, besides, something new and bright and interesting. It gets away from the dead normality of the suit as it has existed for so many years. It provides a new lease on life by the addition of a dress in one piece instead of the shirtwaist and skirt which women were so loath to discard.

**Popular Wool Velvets Costume Suit.**

Of course it is a mystery why this should be called a three-piece costume when, in reality, it is a two-piece affair. But that, it seems, is the way of fashion. The name no more fits the garment than, at present, the gown fits the figure. Just by way of making fashion plain, it might be well to describe the three-piece suit. It consists of a dress that is usually made of a section of some heavy woolen material and a section of silk or a lighter woolen fabric. Then there is a coat to match the woolen material, lined with something that either goes in with the general effect or actually repeats the silk or wool that is used in the making of the dress. Then there are trimmings of embroidery and fur and bands of braid and ribbon and of the material folded into strips. Many are the means of making the costume interesting by way of trimming and decoration, but the foundation is generally the same.

**Fur Is Prominent.**

Fur is a particular factor in the new costume suits. Sometimes a short fur coat is a special part of the gown. Then the dress is so made that it conforms nicely with the coat, which sets the tone of the garment. Again fur is used in wide bands on the coat so that it almost covers the length of that part of the costume. If the idea is a lavish one, there will be a wide band

opening which slants from one shoulder to the opposite hip. In the most picturesque manner. The idea of this suit is an original one. The coat is made from a material in two tones of rich, warm brown, one shade being brocaded on the other so that it becomes impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends. That is the art of modern weaving come to delight the world of dress. The coat is lined with a silk velvets, in one of the lighter shades of brown, verging almost to tan. It shows at the front where the coat opens at intervals, then turns over to make the stiff standing collar which gives a good deal of charm to the costume and a ray of becomingness which could not very well be acquired in any other way.

The dress is made of the material that matches the coat. It is a simple affair, one of those French wrapped dresses that folds about the form and ties with a narrow belt, the whole side being left open to show at the hem that divergent line which gives it much of its smartness. The only note of trimming is a bow of fur at the point where the coat closes and meets the skirt. When the whole of the dress is disclosed to view, it develops that it is trimmed at the neckline and somewhere about the sleeves with bands of the same fur.

It makes a harmonious sort of garment, and it certainly has all the style that could be desired by the most particular woman. Moreover, it is so constituted that it will be acceptable for many occasions during the day, and will always, from earliest morning until late at night, carry with it an air of smartness. It is fashionable in coloring, extremely good as to cut, and most interesting as a truly feminine expression of the latest style.

**Coat Need Not Be Short.**

The coon feather on the hat, with its long and elegant sweep, helps to carry out the general effect, and being attached to a little draped toque of dark brown velvet, supplements the color scheme in the most artistic manner.

There are other and much more formal expressions of the costume suit. The coat need not always be short, but it can be long and fitted or it can be long and decidedly "wrapped" in appearance. Any woman may have the line and the design that she wants if it is her pleasure to own a costume suit, for there are so many ways of doing the thing that the pursuit of the right idea becomes distinctly fascinating.

A Russian coat made with every detail considered in its making is the fitted coat with the circular plump that reaches nearly to the floor and conforms favorably with the lines of the longer skirts. This suit is made of shiny black broadcloth, and braided across the front with a Russian design of colored braids that give a cheerful look to the whole thing. The fur, a thick fur, is put on in bands that are narrow enough but placed so that they give the greatest effect. It is lined with a dull red silk and the upper section of the dress is made of that same silk. The braided embroidery, which, by the way, is repeated in places on the frock, is done in tones of red, with some yellow and some black, carrying out the bright colors which help to preserve the Russian character and influence under which the costume has been designed.

**Robin Goodfellow.**

Robin Goodfellow is another name for Puck, the little scamp in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," who squeezed the single juice on the eyelids of the Athenian lovers and mixed them all up in their affections.

**Old Phrase of the Sea.**

Davy Jones' locker, at the bottom of the sea, where Davy Jones, a mythical sea demon, holds court. When a ship sinks, it is said to have gone to Davy Jones' locker.

**Short Coat Is Marvelous.**

The short coat

and may be made to break that straight line of color which the one material makes impossible.

As an illustration of the short coat of a different color there is one made from a wool velvets, one of the very newest of materials. It is loosely fitted, with sleeves that are wide all the way from the shoulders to the wrists, and it has an

## DELVE INTO PAST

Work of Archeologists Always Intensely Interesting.

Explorers Must Be Trained to the Occupation, and Use the Utmost Care in Excavating.

